THE PARIS MUSIC HALLS.

GAT BONGS, SPECTACLES, AND LAUGH-ZER FILL THE SCENE.

Impersonations, Monologues, Burlesque Bances, and Old Court Ballets, Clown and Negro and English Variety Performauces-People Nowadays Prefer These Things to the Long, Brawn-Dut Sentimentalities of a Pive-Act Piny.

Paris. Sept. 6.-Only those who have never frequented music halls and variety performances can doubt the harmony of these entertainments with the present disposition of the world. Nothing better indicates how the tide of public favor in France and England is turning toward this species of amusement than the space now devoted to it in the serious English weeklies and the literary Paris dailies. In London, besides the Alhambra, which was for many years the only large building devoted to the variety stage, we have now such palatial structures as the Empire, the Pavilion. and the Tivoli, while the news comes that in Mr. D'Oyley Carto's magnificent new opera house, in Shaftesbury avenue, the music ball will soon be able to boast itself the most ornate and most perfectly appointed place of en-tertainment in London. "It is legitimate ground for congratulation," says the Saturday Reciere, "that the advance of the music ball is not susfined to its housing, but extends also to the respectability of its clienticle and of its programme. Certain it is that theatrical managers fully recognize how serious its rivalry

Paris critics do not all speak so cordially of this invasion of the legitimate theatre, al though the cafe-concert, cafe-spectacle, and the casino are old institutions of Paris. A severe critic of the theatrical managers and



AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

public of the present time finds different ords for the future of Parisian popular amusements: "The modern speciator only knows how to yawn. The business of the theatrical manager is to drive away ennui. We are incapable of appreciating real pathos or sentiment. What is there left? I believe the wearled public will migrate to places like foliations. The company there is not select, but our hourgeoisis is accustomed to olbow its way, and the savings of our vandevinistes have prepared them for the words. There the acknowledged incoherence of the scene is not disguised under the fallacious appearance of a piece. The nature of the variety performance dispenses with the necessity of thought. This is the theatre of the future an equal mixture of operetta, farce, and cafe-concert. This is the final word of our public diverson. and marks the apogee of our civilization."

Meanwhile, it is September. On the hill toward Montmartre, at the Place Blanche, the great red arms of the Moutin Rouge grind lazily. In the more aristogratic Champs-Elysées the tones of distant melodies are still borne on the breezes that flutter through the twilight shades: while the Folies-Bergite, the Casino de Paris, and dozens of other winter resorts are busy renovating their halls and preparing for the coming season.

Does it show a lack of mental grasp to fre quent with pleasure entertainments which dispense with the necessity of thought? What is there in this form of amusement to draw people from the legitimate theatre? The variety show gives in quick succession

a series of pictures in action. Modern specta-



WILLIAM TELL UP TO DATE.

tors have their own affairs to think about. A thousand interests clamor for attention in burried modern life. People refuse to occupy themselves throughout five acts with the sorrows of hypothetical heroines, not because but for a reason exactly the reverse. The same of the cafe-sectacle want action and the joy of life put before them merely as an accompaniment to their own meditations and their own conversations.

In nearly all Paris music halls the stage dance has a place. Grotesque acts between clowns and negroes—real or imitation Africans—re in great favor, while acrolatic performances, wrestling matches, feats of their minds are more empty than formerly.

formances, wrestling matches, feats of strength and precision are often introduced, and in some places, like the Folier-Bergire constitute the most important element of the.

constitute the most important element of the evening's programme.

On both sides of the footlights the negro is unique in Parls. He enjoys his work on the variety stage, and he makes a most comic actor. Often he is associated with a clown, musical or otherwise. The clown will propose to do an act from William Tell, and furnishes himself with a shotgun and a large red apple which he will shoot from the darkey's head. I have seen infinitely worse business from actors of repute than the comic fear tempered with hunger displayed in such an act by an extremely black and well-built buck negro from a larger, who had an engagement at the Casino de Parls last spring. The act was in silent sententime, but the Parisian audience fairly yelled as the black would take surreptitions after bite at the devoted apple, while mak-



DISCH LINE VERSUS SENTIMENT.

ing use of every expedient to distract the melancholy clown's attention. Again, the clown will come on the stage at the top of his speed, chased by an enormous artificial sergent which is fastened to the toe of his shoe ya pianipy visible string, or he will set up a burlesque photographer's shop. At other times he will appear as a soldier who neglects his sentry duty to whisper airy nothings to a deinty housenaid. Apart from the niceties of facial expression which the whitened face lends itself to ex-

tremely well—and apart from the minute sttention which these performers give to all
stage business, one of these acts are very
new or funny. Indeed, they are relies from
the old Christmas panformines, at one time
thought only fit for children, but now burnished up for the delectation of the most cynicni and knowing population of any city of the
world. The mere fact that they survive proves
there is something in them. The clown with
his iniuman pallid face is not a man, but an
abstraction: he stands for that side of nature
which lives and entops without reflection and
without information. To have him with us at all
in these last days is always something gained.
Among the stage dances there is everything,
from the English "Sunbeams" to burlesque
character dances, and serious if not excellent
revivals of the early French ballet. In the old
Montagnes Russes, a barracks which had a
temporary existence on the Roulavard des
Capucines during some building operations,
there was always given a little ballet toward
the end of the evening. Once, at least, a very
creditable court ballet of the time of Louis
XIV, was produced, and the stiff and formal
graces of that ceremonious period contrasted
curiousive enough with the general informality
of the Montagnes Russes.

The burlesque character dance, with dialogue and song, is done by three or four performers, who illustrate, according to their
lights, provincial French and other types,
giving preference to the people of southern
France, with their weakness for beasting,
to the Basques, with their long knives and
hearty mannors, and the Spanish, with ludi-



THE BUBLESQUE CHARACTER DANCE.

the bublesque character dance.

crous allusions to the Fiesia Nacional. I cannot forget one clever quartet that makes its appearance every now and then at one or another Partsian cafe concert with a dance entitled "The True Manner of Making Boullabaisse." Boullabaisse, as every one who reads Thackeray knows, is a peculiar concection originating in the richness of Marseilles in the matter of tish. Fish, rice, busters, crabs, mussels, and what not are stewed together to produce this savory mess, which Parisan chefs have taken to themselves and improved upon. The grotesome quartet come up, they say, from Marseilles to profest against this arrogance; and in a distressingly comic song and dance of about ten minutes, manage to exhibit every quality of braggadocto, exaggeration, impulsiveness, and rasticity, which make the good heapis around about Marseilles a laughing stock in the capital.

English music hall arists frequently run

around about Marseilles a laughing stock in the capital.

English music hall artists frequently run-over from London, and too often bring their skipping ropes with thom. They centrast strongly, those fine, big blondes, with their great masses of beautiful vellow hair, their preternaturally long and shapely legs, their English language and their heavy roses, when they come in contact with any of their Latin-race sisters, on the stage or off.

She's so with.



A LONDON EXOTIC. weighty skipping rope regularly lashing the

stage floor forty beats to the minute. They are watched narrowly by undergrown Paris youths. Gamins trop vieux, homm's pas form's, lis sout rigolos et let's comme De joun's serias incl'emplumes;



AFTER THE STAGE PERFORMANCE.

logues. At the Moulin Rouge and the Jardin de Paris, where the stage performance winds un with the "incoherent quadrille," which so many fourists pretend not to have seen, the bulk of the entertainment is still song. The songs, which form so important a part of the programmes, are of many kinds. There are songs of sentiment, songs of gavety, burlesque songs, obscene songs, chansons nouves—that is, of the misery of the street—and even seriously sung morecaus from invorte operas.

"I' Hotel du No. 3" is one of Mils, I'vetto Gulbert's, and is one of the few that has to do with student life which, it must be remembered, has nothing in common with the Boulevard. It describes a Latin quarter loarding house, and the comically sound details coming from the dainty lips of a carefully dressel and refined looking young lifty give something of a fin de siecle thris.

As per . more, but com to me hear genis. In the ELLITER HELLER mener manges. She', & . 41 or A 150 tel do me **ब**ेल व क्रमहेर स्टार स्थाप अधिक ---

I live quite close to the School of Med'cine, An premier, like a wood bourgeous One dwells in the divinest splendor At the flotel du Samero Trois, At the incel du Namero Trois, One has there to enjoy his case Beds of iron and beds of wood. And All sorts of bugs and fless. At the Hotel du Numero Trois (bis). At the table when we wish napkins. From our rooms we bring our towels. It's the dog who wipes to dishes. At the Hotel du Numero Frois (bis).

And our soup rolls in its waves so many hairs that, every month. The possibles make themselves mair rings at the liote, du Numero Trols (bit).

At the flote da Namero Trois (be).

And so on to the end of the catalogue, neglecting nothing, not even the chambermaid.

We read the American newspapers over here, and therefore know that questions relating to the personal conduct of Congressmen have recently been cried out before the public. Some of this news trickles into the

Paris journals, that Frenchmen may smile complacently at stories of drunkenness, personal encounters, laziness, and incompetence at Washington. It is just as well to know that there are similar spots of weakness in foreign legislative bodies. How the Frenchmen would stare if Americans should prefend to take their ideas of French manners from a song



PATRIOTISM, COMMUNISM, AND BROTHERHOOD PATRIOTISM, COMMUNISM, AND BROTHERHOOD, like that of Raoul Ponchon, who describes a visit he paid to the French Chamber of Deputies. This is the first verse:

At the Chamber of Deputies
The other day I stopped;
I said, "It would be curious.
To see the gentlemen work,"
Well, I am atili astomated.
Ah! my children, really.
If they're employed to make a noise,
They earn their twenty-five frames.

Golden hand, in home.

Going hand in hand with the café-concert song, which is not really sung, but declaimed to music in a kind of recitative, is the monologue, which differs very little from it. The monologue has scarcely been given its proper place in the United States, although certain Irish comedians on the American variety stage cannot be surpassed at it in their own narrow lines. With Americans the monologue is too much confined to the humors of dia-



EMASCIPATED GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

lect—German negro, Irish. In the privacy of French families, girls and boys are taught to do clover character sketches, very much as children with us are taught to "speak pieces."

And at social gatherings you will have gentlemen who can stand up and do their little turns of impersonation in conversational prose, without make-up, without exetume, and without music, and do it as readily as a girl will step to the piano to perform a piece of music.

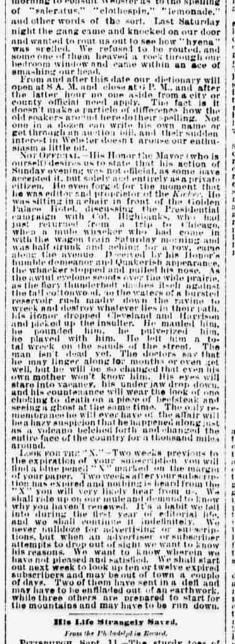
girl will step to the plane to perform a plece of music.

In the cafe-concert all types of Paris life come out in monologues—the old woman who sits knitting and who remembers the follies of her youth in tottering prose, the fough young man with prefensions to politics, who harangues the audience in his own inimitable slang, and with burlesque appeals to particular, communism, and the brotherhood of man; while the emancipated modern girl of the period complains that her modern girl of the period complains that her mother does not give her that likerty she knows is accorded to finglish and American girls and confides to the audience that she will change all this, as far as she is concerned, immediately after she is married.

ar as she is concerned, immediately after she is married.
"This," mouns the austere Parisian critic.
"is the theatre of the future. This is the final word of our public diversion, and marks the apogee of our civilization."

is sout rigides et bet's comme be jean's series meri emplumes: and they with difficulty make up their minds whether to be content with the physiology or to laugh at the gaucherie.

In places like the Casino de Paris, the Jardin de Paris, and the Moulin Rouge the public dances, which late in the evening follow the stage performances, have degenerated into simply, another spectacle: for in modern Paris, where even irresponsible youth follows the fin de sizele tendency to observe ratior than to do, the unrestrained cancers of co-cottes and students, shor, girls and coing clerks, which formed the attraction at the old Jardin Mabille, are now remembrances of the past, except at the Bulier, over in the latin quarater, which remains the students' ground. Nothing spontaneous need be looked for north of the Scine, where the nublic dance is kept up by professionals, who uningle with the crowd and appear to be of it. Now and then a unique artist, like La Mclinite, who really seems to love her work, appears and sping around the room alone in graceful and fantastic steps, but the stock in trade of the existing the latter hour no one aside from a city or the latter hour no one aside from a city or latter than to locked in trade of the existing the latter hour no one aside from a city or latter than the stock in trade of the existing the latter hour no one aside from a city or latter than the stock in trade of the existing the latter hour no one aside from a city or latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the stock in trade of the exist the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one aside from a city or content with the latter hour no one as decision of the exist has a particle of difference how the latter hour no one as decision of the exist has a particle



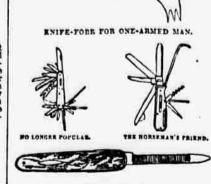
Pritranucal, Sept. 11.—The sturdy toas of John Daroski saved him from a horrible death yesterday. He with other workmen were repairing the West Fonn Railcoad bridge over the Conomaugh Riverat Livermore. A freight train approached and all the men but Daroski fied. He didn't see the danger, and was struck by the engine. He was knocked off, and fell head foremost down through the bridge. He did not, however, drop to the rocky river hottom 50 feet below, as his companions expected. His toes were caught between two lies in the bridge, and there he hing, head downward while the slowly moving work train passed over him. It was a horrible situation, and the slightest movement meant an awful death. Daroski's companions ran upon the bridge, threw a looped rope around his body, and pulled him up. The man was unconscious but alive, and the doctors could find no broken bones. He will recover.

WHAT IS WHAT IN CUTLERY.

WENTY THOUSAND POCKET KNIFES NOME BIG CUTLERS KELP.

Rarely Remein in Pavor Longer Than Two Years-Gentlemen New Carry Only Two-bladed Knives-Something Usful for One-armed Men at Blaner,

Many curious and useful things are to be learned in a visit of inquiry to any large cutlery establishment in this city. We know, in general, very little about cutiery unless we happen to be interested in the business; and some of the big cutters can, when they feel in the humor, tell some surprising things. The way the country boy is dissatisfied with his new knife while he sees it in the store surrounded by dozens of other shining knives. and how much better it looks when he has it at home all by itself, is a familiar old story. But suppose the country boy had to select his knife from an assortment of 20,000 knives? That is the number of pocket knives that some of the large cutlers in this city keep in stock. Cutlery is composed of knives and forks, seissors, and such little trinkets, some reader



THE POCKET ENIFE OF TO-DAY.

may be inclined to say, and there is nothing about it that we are not all familiar with. Very well, then, that challenge is accepted at once. Here is a piece of cutiery, for a begin-ning, that most people know nothing about. It is a combined knife and fork for the use of one-armed men. The cutlers discovered some time ago that one-armed men found the use of the ordinary knife and fork very unhandy, as they had to lay down the knife before they could begin operations with the fork. Not only this, but the regulation knife, without the assistance of a fork to hold the food in place while cutting, shoved the food all about the plate. They therefore produced what they call the knife-fork. This instrument has a handle like any ordinary table knife, but the blade is broader and sharply curved. The cutting edge is on the convex side, and with a semi-rotary motion it will cut a piece of the toughest most without altering its position on the plate. The end of the blade opens out into three prongs, like a broad fork, and with one of these instruments a one-armed man can hold his own at any boarding-house table. Occasionally an uninformed customer tries to buy one of these knife-forks for an ice pick. but the cutler always explains its uses.

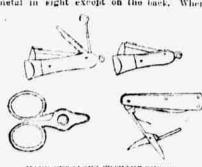
In the mere matter of pocket knives, which are familiar enough to every male human creature, there is a great deal to be learned at the cutler's. Some sacred memories have to he buried when we begin to imbibe informstion. For instance, the boy of the present is debarred from the inestimable privilege of carrying a Barlow knife. Every good man who was once a country boy will smile with inward satisfaction at the more mention of a Barlow knife. Its handle was iron two-thirds of the way down, and the remainder rough bone. It had only one blade, but that always made of good steel. It sold for from six to twenty-five cents, according to the pocket of the boy and the conscience of the retailer. It was so big and strong and yet so well shaped that it was equally useful for driving a nati, cutting down a sapling, or extracting a sliver. But the Bar-

word of our public diversion, and marks the apoge of our civilization."

THE ARIZO A KICKER.

Annoyances that Compelled the Editor to Augume: Action.

Tare Notice.—We own the only unabridged dictionary in this State Senatorial district. We are always pleased to have our fellow townsmen drop in and consult the big volume when they get stuck over any word, but of late we have been rushod until we must take measures to protece ourselves. A certain cotorie, consisting urincinally of old Joe Swipes. Nevada Tom, Rocky Mountain Sam. Commando Bill, and Halfbreed Jack, have got into the habit of cailing around at 2 o'-lock in the morning to consult Webster as to the spelling of "saleratus," "clothespin," "lemonade," and they words of the sort. Last Saturdia of same and wond to read the round of same and wonder to reduce the sort of the sort. Last Saturdia of same and the round of same and wonder to reduce the sort of the sort. Last Saturdia of same and the round of the sort of the sor



MANY GET ALONG WITHOUT THESE.

a man wishes to make an ambulatory tool hop of bimself and earry not only a knife, but seissors, comb gimlet, button-hook, awls, and a dozen other instruments, all coatained within the same handle, he buys one of the eighteen-bladed affairs shown in the lithistration. These amountations were in great request a few years ago, but they have gone completely end of fashion, narticularly in the city, and when they sell new, it is principally to country new. Some of them are more than an men in thickness, and very unwisdy in the neets. Some gentlemen who wish to the dassed as "sport" still curry the eightidaded kniic that is known as" the horseman's frundly which includes a small tool for extracting stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a horse is foot, and a corkstructing stones from a tripes things.

The L500 different styles of pocket knives, of which 20,000 succinens are kept in stock, are only part of the endless variety of instruments made for carrying in a gentleman's nockeds. If we were to necept everything the cutters often us, and carry all their little inventions in our pockets, the smallest man to be mot in the streets could not weigh less than 200 pounds. Key rings, match boxes, button hooks, tobacco boxes, cigar cutters, mendicigar cases, seasors, stamp boxes, are only a few of the necket articles. Here are four more shown in the filustration; and bowever well a man may be equipped with pocket articles, he cannot consider himself absolutely complete without these.

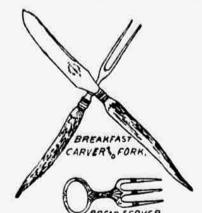
"Every responsible dealor," says the cutter, "is very particular about the quality of steni in the knives he sells. His reputation depends in the knives he sells. His reputation depends in the knives he sells. His reputation depends in the knives he sells. His reputation depends

first requisites, although professional hunters and trappers get along very nicely with an old jack knife. The Swedish hunting knife is one of the most popular for this purpose. It has a ring at the end to fasten to the belt (the belt also is to be bought at the cutier's), and



the handle shuts down into the blade. The fly-open knife is also popular with hunters, because when a spring is touched the blade flies open. The theory is that the hunter is struggling desperately with his prey with one hand and has only the other at liberty to operate his knife with.

Occasionally a new article of cutlery comes to remind us that we have heretofore been living in a state of savagery. The English have given us the latest reminder in the form of a "bread server," with which the slices of bread are to be taken up from the plate. The bread server is of course of sliver; and if we would be really and truly English it must find a place on our tables at once. It is suggestive, this little instrument, or something that is still lacking. The server lifts the slice from the bread plate for us, but we have not yet any rational and wholly civilized method of conveying the bread to the mouth. To touch it with the hand partakes of savagery; the use of the fork for this purpose is not permissible in polite society, and the knife is out of the

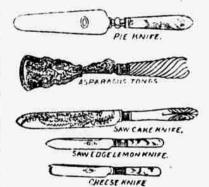


question. A "bread conveyer" is a deeply leit want. The cutlers say that they hesitate to introduce the bread server into Chicago, for fear the natives may mistake it for an overer for the say that the say of the control of the con

for fear the natives may mistake it for an oyster fork.

There are between 300 and 400 different styles of carving sets to choose from, each style made in three, and some in four, sizes. The old-fashioned idea that we may use the same carvers for breakfast that we used for resterialy's dinner is entirely exploded. The modern breakfast carver, with its tapering handles, has a sort of "Good morning; have you used Jones's soan" air. It is smaller, of course, than the dinner carvers, and the fork has no guard to keep the knife from slipping and cutting the carver's hand.

When we begin to look at table cuttery, there is absolutely no end to it. For every move of hand or mouth there is some specially



designed instrument. How many an excellent pio has been out with a humble jack knife! But fashion, disdaining to notice the jack knife, does not any longer permit the use of even the ordinary table knife for this purpose. It is nonsense to say that the pie itself has gone out of fashion; good pies can never go out of fashion while the American eagle screams; and hyre is the knife that custom decrees the pie shall be fairly divided with.

The dainty and cleanly handling of asparagus has always been a great social problem. We are still left in doubt as to the best method of conveying this vegetable to the mouth without solling our neighbors in the next block; but the hidy of the house is greatly aided in her part of the performance by "asparagus tongs," with which the long stalks are to be lifted from the dish. The asparagus tong is a minimiture dredging machine. With one nipper held back out of the way by pressing the spring, the other is slowly and carefully inserted among the stalks. When it has reached a proper depth "snap" goes the spring, the tranceloses, and up comes the load.

There is a suggestion of fonghness in the large number of saws that have recently come into use on the table. The saw-ham-knife, with slinde on one side and a saw on the other, has not yet made its way in from the kitchen, but the "saw-cake-knife" is a dainty bit of table furniture, it is of silver, of course, and artistically decorated. So is the saw-edge lemen knife which is now in common use, the old-fashioned sharp edge having been found utterly madequate to the nurpose of cutting lemens as soon as the cutters introduced the novelty. The cheese secon some sin at least



"MAKE UP YOUR MIND AG'IN IT." That's What Squire Fuller, Buckwoods Solon, Says You Should Do.

Squire Abel Fuller, as Justice of the Peace has distributed the law in and about the Barley Run bailiwick of the great hemlock belt with an Impartial hand for forty years and more. He is truly a backwoods Solomor and a Daniel come to judgment combined. He has a strong contempt for conventionality in his office, and he scorns precedent. Once when one of his constituents had brought suit before Squire Fuller to recover something from a fellow citizen, and had won his suit all straight enough and got judgment, he lifted the Squire's deerhound out of his way with his foot as he was going out of Abel's office The dog yelped, and the Squire rapped on his table and called the court to order again. "Jedgment reversed in this here case!" he

exclaimed. "I find for defendant, an' more'n that, 'Lije Crimper. I fine ye twelve shillin' for contempt o' court!' Elijah was the plaintiff in the case, and his lawyer, Sim Foley of the Corners, protosted.

"Great Socrates!" he shouted: "you can't do that, yer Honor! There hatn't no percedent fer setch a perceedin'!"
"Percedents be durned!" said the Squire. "When I want percedents I'll make 'em. an' this is one on 'em! You're fined twelve shillin'.

Lije Crimper, fer contempt o' court, an' the jedgment's reversed in this here case!" Once he was called upon by an aggrieved citizen of the Barley Run neighborhood for a warrant for another citizen, on the ground that the latter had shot a tame bear belonging to

the former, and refused to pay for it. "Where'd you git the b'ar, Jehul?" asked the Squire.

Ketched it when a cub," was the reply. "Suckin' cub?"

" Yes." 'Its mammy to home when you ketched it?"

"Did you lug it away from its home by force

"Its mammy to home when you ketched it?"

"No."

"Did you lug it away from its home by force of arms an' malice aforethought?"

"Well, if you mean did I lug it home as guick as I could, so's the old she bear wouldn't ketch up an' take it back ag'in, that's about what I done, Squire."

"An' you want a warrant fer Slocum, do you?"

"That's jist what I do."

"Well, I kin give you a warrant, Jehul, but you boiter go slow! Bill Slocum's liable to turn round an' ask for a warrant fer you, too, an I'll have to give it to him. If I do, it'll go hard with you!"

"A warrant fer me? What fer?"

"For kidnappin? You kidnapped that hear on yer own showin, an' the law is dead sot on kidnappers. "Specially when there's malice aforethought with it. An' yours is an agger-vatin' case, fer you was access'ry both afore an' arter the fact. I kin give you the warrant, Jehul, but seems to me you better go slow!"

This was a phase of the case so alarming that Johul adopted tho Squire's suggestion, and went slow, and the case of Rouzer agt. Slocum never appeared on the docket.

Squire Fuller has not been suprome in the law alone in the Barley Run district all these years. He has been chief adviser in matters social, political, and financial, and a person who" can't make up his mind agin a thing" he has never had patience with. Not long ago one of his constituents, who had never been famous for love of work, called on the Squire, wearing a solemn visage.

"Suire, said he. "I'm sure agoin' to hev a set-to with that rheumatiz o' mine. I kin feel it in my bones. Pap had it the same war, e'zac'ly, an' was laid up sometimes as long as a month with it. Now, here's my buckwheat cuttin' comin' on an' the rheumatiz is tacklin' of me. Like as not I'll be laid up a menth or more, an' melby way into 'tater diggin'. What's a feller goin' to do with soteh a discouragin' prospect as that ahead of him?"

"It is make the plumbage, fits, nor nothin' else, fer a matter o' that, no teven if they've got so close to you that you kin fee! 'em, than there is o'

We care with a fin a doubt as to the best problem.

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WONDERS NEVER CEASE

IN THE NATURAL HISTORY RETURNS FROM THE NUIMER STATE.

Turties Have Made Things Lively-They Capture the Farmers' Fowls, and the Dog That Tackles Them Fares Badly. Nonwicz, Sept. 17.-Dwight H. Hough of this city has just broken the Norwich record at black bass fishing in Gardner's Lake. For eight hours Mr. Hough had fished patiently in the baking sunlight without much luck, then suddenly he felt a tug that nearly tipped his boat upon its beam ends. At first the fisherman surmised that he had got hold of an alligator or the bottom of the lake, but another solid yank on the line convinced him that he had fastened to genuine game. Then he be-gan to play his monster, or, rather, the monster played him and the boat. The monster

didn't play exactly like a bass, though; there

was nothing kittenish about his methodical

action, but he wallowed about the bottom of

the pond just as a large submarine cow might

be expected to do.

After about ten minutes' hard work there was a sudden commotion in the lake; air bubbles broke on its surface then a long. black head, as big as a man's fist, was thrust out of the waves, and the head looked in-quiringly and with mild concern at Mr. Hough. first with one rolling black eye, then with the other. It was a snapping turtle, the old boss of the lake, its breadth of beam being about equal to that of a cooking range. The turtle didn't look especially amiable, with a sneek bend hook in his snout and a three-foot long snell leader trailing therefrom, but his countenance had an expression of curiosity. He was evidently wondering how he was ever to be got into Dwight's bont But the feat had to be done somehow, and the fisherman, after scratching his head for a moment, volunteered to help the big fellow aboard. He was somewhat afraid of him; besides, the boat was a small one. Nevertheless, he had hitched on to him without having been invited to do so, and apparently the turtle excontract. Accordingly the sportsman invited the monster to come alongside the craft, then he tipped the boat sideways, so that its gunwale was nearly level with the surface of the lake, and the old chap clumsily paddled aboard. Thereupon Dwight made him a present of the after half of the beat, then took a seat in the bow and pulled ashere.

At the beach the turtle willingly went ashere with him and walked alongside of him up the lake bank, Dwight leading him to the Gardner's Lake Hotel. There he was coaxed on a pair of scales, and he ballanced a twenty-five-pound weight. he tipped the boat sideways, so that its gun-

shorts the fact. I kin give you the warrant, Jelul, but seems to me you better go slow!"
This was a phase of the case so alarming that Johul adopted the Squire's suggestion, slowen never appeared on the docket."
Solvem never appeared on the docket."
Squire Fuller has not been suprome in the law alone in the Barrey Run district all these years. He has been older advisor in matters who "can't make up his mind agi'in a thing" he has never had nationee with. Not long ago one of his constituents, who had never been one of his constituents, who had never been a set-to with that rhoumatiz o' mine. I kin feel it in my home. I'm sure agon't to hey a set-to with that rhoumatiz o' mine. I kin feel it in my home. I'm sure agon't to hey a set-to with that rhoumatiz o' mine. I kin feel it in my home. I'm sure agon't to hey a set-to with that rhoumatiz o' mine. I kin feel it in my home. I'm had it the same war, a menin with it. Now, here's my buckwhent cuttin' comin' on an the rheumatix is tackin' of me. Like as not I'll be laid up a month or more of mening in the continuation of me. I kee as not I'll be laid up a month or more of mening in the sure discreting in prospect as that aliend of him."

"Rheumantiz! accident the Squire. Only make up your mind, an' make it up strong enough. There hain't no more use o' your havin' rheumatiz, nor small-pox, eryspilas, consumption of the first of the sure of the power of the